



MR. O'DONAVAN'S LAMENT  
FOR HIS HUSBAND

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I'm lonesome dear Maria,  
My darling why don't you come home,  
It's long since you came inorrow,  
To prove and remember  
But the Lord gave me patience  
To have my affliction -- but O,  
My heart rends asunder  
And in case of death I do not fear.

Oh husband dear husband,  
The Bastille envelopes thy frame,  
Once stately and stalwart,  
But now enshrouded in chains.  
Your once bearded clothed visage,  
Deposited in tale and mien,  
Consigned to the dung on,  
For your fealty to King and Queen.

My curse on you Nagle,  
It's you made me widow to-day,  
Your days have no comfort.  
May Phœbus deny you his ray,  
May the moon cease to guide you,  
When her sable mantle the plain,  
Cursed Corydon and Massey,  
You both may partake of the same.

Why did they treat you,  
So brutal so base & unkind?  
They scourged you they starved you,  
And tied your two hands behind,  
Your once tender figure now meagre,  
The torturer can't bear,  
It is death will redeem you,  
My dishevelled tresses I'll tear,

There is one gleam of solace,  
Sustains me thro anguish alone,  
You're dying for your country,  
With sacred young Emmet & Tone,  
And like the heroine Miss Curran,  
My spirit shall fly to thee soon,  
For I'll sink broken-hearted  
And breath my last sigh at your tomb.

